

Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 9, 19
PRICE TEN CENTS



Drawn by Ralph Barton

He: "I propose dinner."
She: "Materialist."

My Xmas Gift!
"Good Enough
For You"



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A Helpful Holiday Suggestion

In the three weeks intervening between now
and Christmas, you will save yourself much
perplexity and serve gracefully the ends of
holiday giving by selecting Puck as your
messenger of good cheer to those friends
whom you would remember with something
more enduring than the customary token.

A full year's subscription, at \$5.00, insures
the arrival for the ensuing fifty-two weeks
of "America's Cleverest Weekly." A trial
subscription at one dollar provides for the
probationary period of thirteen numbers.

With both of these subscriptions, we send
a handsome Christmas card, announcing the
donor of the gift. These cards are mailed so
as to reach the recipient on Christmas
morning.

The Christmas Number of PUCK is still on sale at all news-stands

What's the Funniest Thing That Ever Happened To You?

PUCK wants to know.
It will pay \$500 to know it.

Puck

will contain next
week, among others,
the following
features:

An Interview with
the Kaiser

By Osiris Cob

Why I Cannot Write
for PUCK

By Bernard Shaw

Macauley's Cartoon

George and Love

A quaint dialogue

By Frans Molnar

Author of "The Devil"

An Explanation and a
Protest

By "Oliver" Osborne

Alan Dale's Com-
ments on the Drama

The Devil's Business

A Burlesque

By Samuel Hoffenstein

Prizes

First Prize, \$250

Second Prize, 150

Third Prize 100

Tell your story in five hundred
words or less.

Write on one side of the paper
only.

Stories which are available for
publication, but not prize win-
ners, will be paid for at our
regular rates.

Those not available will be re-
turned, provided a stamped
and self-addressed envelope is
enclosed for the purpose.

The contest will close on March 15.

Address:

Funny Story Editor, PUCK
210 Fifth Avenue
New York

P.S.—The funniest thing that ever happened to
you doesn't have to be true so long as it's
funny.

Ruck



IMPERATOR
MORS

Hess



—Drawn by Julian Hess

Puck Interviews the Czar

By Osiris Cob

The Czar of All the Russias, Siberia and Kishineff — what appeals more to the human imagination? When the idea first entered my head of securing an interview with him, I dismissed it as preposterous. It was like trying to interview an esoteric ghost, a fourth dimensional dinosaur, the Dalai Lama or the Mayor of Timbuctoo. A fantastic adventure, indeed, and one not without its dangers.

Of all European monarchs, this ruler of nearly two hundred million human beings seems to us the most remote. He dwells apart, a half-mythological, half-allegorical personality. In his lifetime he already wears a halo. To us matter-of-fact Americans, living in the broad daylight of facts and bald concretions, the Czar is more like an incantatory word than a man, a word that awes and bludgeons, weaves shudders down our spines, and spins images of Power and Terror in our brains.

When I saw him — after how many difficulties! — I received a definite shock at the pathos of the face — a face all periphery and no brains; a face on which all the delicate and subterranean dreams of the Romanoffs were sculpt, a face that was a façade to a perfect abortion of a head; a palimpsest of superstition, fear and restrained diabolism. I seemed to stand before the epiphany of delicate and static Stupidity.

But I was in for a big surprise.

"Ah," said the Czar, twirling a hair on his upper lip, "from America — a land where everyone is free, where everybody votes, where there is no poverty and very little crime. I long for a trip there [and here, rather curiously, he looked eastward, in the direction of Japan.] I know all your famous men. I read Tom Paine when I was a boy and have only lately been running over your Emerson again. Your Jefferson I admire so much for his let-it-alone theory of government, Lincoln for his humanity and democracy, and Ingersoll for his hatred of religious cant. The censors here, you know, are very strict in spite of all I can do to curb their moral zeal, and sometimes my mail is held up and secretly destroyed. You haven't the last number of *Birth Control*, have you?"

Astounded, nonplussed, scared stiff, I should say, I fumbled around and murmured "No."

"N'importe," said the Czar, airily, pulling from his pocket some French cigarettes, and offering me one. "But, pardon me; it was you who came to interview me, and I am talking too much. Fire away! — as you say in Chicago." Here he smiled his famous Siberian smile.

"Your Majesty," I began, "The American people would naturally like to know what you think about the great calamity that is decimating Europe."

"Calamity, calamity!" said the Czar, shrugging the shoulders of his thought at an invisible audience. "I see no calamity. War is war. Is there anything new about

war? Personally, I am an idealist, and war is abhorrent to me. But the people will have it, and I am the last person in the world to deny them anything they want. You know, I am not all-powerful, and my will cannot stand against one hundred and eighty million of my subjects when expressed through their free press and in our great Duma and the Zemstvos.

"Ah me! I am only a puppet in their hands. I am doing my little to eradicate the ape and the tiger from the small shopkeeper and the peasant, but the task is a difficult one, as your sociological workers on the East side of New York have discovered."

"If ever a war was made by the people, this one was. In Russia they were dying of ennui and prosperity. It was a reaction from the tremendous intellectual, spiritual and material progress of the early years of my reign. Nothing can be stupider than to call this the War of the Kings. Why, I was fishing down in the Black Sea when it broke out — over night, as it were."

"And the result of the war, your Majesty," I queried, now in the full wake of his thoughts, racing, as it were, after him around the revolving-doors of his fancy; "would you venture a guess?"

"Mais oui," he replied gaily, flipping the ashes from his cigarette into an ash-bowl that looked to me like the skull of Feodor Dostoevsky — but that was probably a product of my morbid American brain. "We individualists, we Russians, French, English, Italians and Belgians — will triumph within a year over the forces of paternalism and militaristic autocracy as incarnated in Kaiser Wilhelm."

"This is a war for the freedom of the world, you understand," he continued, with a slight yawn. "We are battling — I and the others — for the elimination of a monstrous militarism that will end, if it triumphs, in the death of these hard-won human rights that it has taken hundreds of years to insert in the legislation of our parliaments and congresses."

And his face lighted up with a great glow, with a mystical fire, with a something of Promethean grandeur, as he pronounced, almost to himself, "Runnmede, Wittenberg, the Bastille, Valley Forge, Appomattox."

So hypnotized was I by this display of fervor on the part of His Majesty that, through sheer forgetfulness of where I was, I almost tagged on Kishineff and Bloody Thursday to his list. But I tied my tongue in time. What poor taste that would have been on my part in the presence of such a charming host — and with the skull — so I fancied — of his favorite hero-author before me!

"Belgium! Belgium! Belgium!" he continued, now thoroughly wrought up and striding up and down the room like a real soldier. "The syllables of that word ring in my head like great tocsins night and

day. The horror of it! The monstrosity of it! A whole country massacred by a War Board! Massacred! Massacred like sheep! Massacred, I say!" he almost screamed, losing for a moment his Rameses-like serenity and poise.

"He says his heart bleeds for Belgium! But what of mine? We in Russia cannot understand such a complete and hopeless retrogression of the moral sense as made itself manifest when we read that the War Lord of Potsdam and his trained automatons were battering at the forts at Liège."

"I did not sleep that night. I wept. I raved. I read passages from Emerson, Bakounin and Seneca — anything to calm me, to restore my faith in humanity, to keep me balanced."

"It was a massacre, a massacre in the dead of night by footpads with dynamite bombs — do you hear? — massacre! And so help me God, they'll pay for that thug-like act; they'll pay for it down there in Germany. I will not rest until Belgium is herself again — free and democratic Belgium!"

I, almost moved to tears at the sight of this outburst of moral indignation before the sorrows of Belgium, gave His Majesty time to again let poise get the whip-hand of that gentle, o'er-wrought nature. Sweet bells jangled and out of tune — this. The Czar of All the Russias, Siberia and Kishineff in a moral tantrum! How little we know of the real nature of those who rule the world!

Now, in the very fat and largess of his righteous indignation, I asked him: —

"And the Jews, here in Russia and in Poland, your Majesty. The American people would be delighted to hear you say something on this matter." I had dared to do it. Now for my congé.

"Ah — ah — ah — ah," he stuttered, looking at me rather inquiringly. "The-e-e Jews-a-a-s, eh?" Silence. He dug the pattern in the carpet with the toe of his right foot. Stood on tip-toe, as it were, before my question.

Then, again (this time something like a guilty gargle escaped him). "Th-th-th-th—Jews-a-a-s, Eh? Now, sir," brightening up, as though the knuckles in his spine had once more been mobilized, "that is just what I want to talk about."

"There are, I admit, some legislative restrictions still in force against the Jews, but they are old blue-laws, as you call them, and are never, or very seldom, applied; they come down from the olden times, when Russia like the rest of the world was in darkness."

"Why, dear me! my best soldiers are Jews. They are on the firing line everywhere. No laggard among them. They all desire to go to the front, the very front, and we grant their patriotic wish always. Five out of six receive the cross if they return alive."

(Continued on page 20)

Ruck



Great Britain, we trust, will not grow too righteously indignant over Germany's deportation of Belgians. Somebody might mention the poem beginning, "This is the forest primeval" and go into unpleasant details as to what the British once did in the Land of Evangeline.

The Hon. Charles E. Hughes and the Hon. William R. Willcox are sojourning at Lake-wood. An excellent choice. When one is going "back to the woods" one might as well pick nice, piney woods to go back to.

Among the theatrical miscellany is a note that Annette Kellerman will next appear in "an aquatic spectacle." Some day Miss Kellermann will give jaded New York a genuine thrill by appearing in a spectacle that leaves something to the imagination.

"The railroad car-seat," writes a physician, "should be so shaped as to conform to the curve of the back; it should be at the proper distance from the floor; it should extend high enough to support the head, and have a footrest in front." The good doctor is evidently of a Socialistic turn of mind. Mr. Shoats, for instance, considers that he has done his full duty to the public when he makes the straps conform nicely to the curve of the hand.

"Nice kitty! Come, kitty!" says the man who would drown poor Tom or Tabby. And "Nice Pole! Come, Pole!" says the Emperor whose home supply of cannon-fodder is running a trifle short.

Not on the Russian front, nor at Verdun, nor even on the Somme, will the present war be won, according to Berlin. The fighting in the Balkans will decide it. The Kaiser, however, prudently refrains from saying in which Balkan capital he will eat his Christmas dinner. Royalty learns something occasionally.



THE MOTHERS: "No, my child, you don't want them; they are too {expensive / inexpensive}!"

Science boasts of its achievements when it reconstructs an entire prehistoric animal from a single bone. With prices going up as they are, Science may boast of a still greater achievement if it will construct a ten-pound Christmas turkey from a single wish-bone.

"Every one whom it has been possible to take for the manufacture of munitions has been taken. Not only men and boys, but women and young girls."

— The Russian War Minister.

Are there not — there *must* be — a lot of sinfully idle babies in Russia? The allied kindergartens should do their duty. Filling shells to piano music, or with some simple little folksong, would be inspiringly patriotic.

"A nation must declare from time to time its position on great moral issues."

— General Wood.

But not every nation is fortunate enough to have a Roosevelt at hand to determine its morals for it.

Paternalism in government occasionally proves its worth. For example, just as the first thin coat of ice appears on the Central Park lakes, the Park Commissioner, mindful of the mounting cost of necessities, lowers the price of boats from 50 cents an hour to 25.

At his own solicitation, Henry P. Davidson, of J. P. Morgan and Co., had an interview with President Wilson late to-day.

— Washington dispatch.

Did he "come in a spirit of co-operation?"

Colonel T. R. says he would deny the ballot to "the Poltroon and the Professional Pacifist." This should occasion great relief in the ranks of the Weaklings, the Cravens and the Mollycoddles. They, apparently, may still vote.

Says Five Can Live Upon \$7.92 A Week.

— Informative Headline.

Five what? Mice?

Fate or Chance has a grim sense of humor and plans odd coincidences at times. Now, for instance, when the poor man's mind is tortured by the cost of bread and fuel, there is an epidemic of top-notch burglaries and prominence is daily given to \$64,000 diamond necklaces.



"Wonder if I could exchange my present for a patent shower bath?"

The International Institute of Agriculture urges rigid economy by the people of all nations. Broadway, for example, might begin the good work in America by reserving nothing more expensive than \$10 tables on New Year's Eve.

A French wine merchant who tried to ship the Kaiser 42,000 francs worth of champagne, routing it by way of South America, has just been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and a few other penalties. Our sympathies go out, not so much to the wine merchant, as to the German Kaiser, who is doomed to stand, dry and disconsolate, champagne-card in hand, on the wine line at Potsdam. Suffering in the Fatherland is by no means confined to the poor.

Mr. Roosevelt has chosen Samoa as a place to rest up. If there is any solace in a name, we should think he would make for the Friendly Islands.

By the way, does anybody happen to know whether Fairbanks has "conceded" Marshall's election yet?

There is no River of Doubt in the Fiji Islands, but Theodore may find kindred spirits among the natives. In all savage tribes, there are "men of my type" who "tread softly and carry a big stick."

Mrs. George Gould, of course, was radiant — all silver cloth, diamond shoulder straps and gorgeous ropes of diamonds.

— Opening Night at the Opera.

The Gould fortune is largely a railroad fortune; if the Adamson law is declared constitutional, the family may have to get along with one less diamond rope. Hence, the seriousness of the railroad situation, and the impossibility of granting the men's demands.

Reading foreign interviews concerning the war, one is impressed by the number of men, miles behind the firing line, and in no danger of going there, who are fixed in their determination to "see it through despite suffering and sacrifice."

Ruck

All in the Point of View

7



THE BROKEN GUITAR

(As seen by Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch Cartoonist)



DRIVING NAILS INTO HINDENBURG

(As seen through Russian eyes)



"SAINT" RASPUTIN, AND THE CZAR

(As seen by a German artist)



THE SAVIORS OF CIVILIZATION

(As seen by Germany)

HELP! HELP!

A Problem Story

The Wigginses had a personal grudge against the war. It had made domestic help scarce. It had compelled Mrs. Wiggins to do all the housework herself. She broke down under the strain and went with her husband to the country to recuperate.

Now, they were returning. As they sat in the taxicab that was taking them from the Grand Central Station to their home in farthest Brooklyn, they could not help thinking of what was in store for them — for they still had no servant. Forgotten on Mrs. Wiggins's lap lay the evening papers, telling of the Russians capturing another Galician letter-puzzle. Forgotten in the prevailing gloom was the happy month spent among the trees and flowers.

"Watch me sell that house the first chance I get," said Mr. Wiggins. "You've had just about enough slavery, Emily."

"Oh, George, couldn't we go to live in a hotel right now?" said Mrs. Wiggins.

"Not unless we could get rid of the house, dear," he answered. "We can't afford to maintain two establishments. But why droop, my child? I — your husband — will help you counteract the shortage of help. Just as in the year after we were married, I'll put on the apron, wash the dishes, help clean the floors. At your service, Madam."

"Oh, you're so kind, George," she whispered, snuggling up to him. [Business of embracing. Much kissing. Romantic stuff.]

The taxicab slowed up. The passengers rang down the curtain on love's returned dream and looked out. There was their home. A paradise they had regarded it when they had handed over the purchase money; now, in view of the servant scarcity, a Gargantuan task-master.

They dismissed the taxi-driver and entered the house. Mr. Wiggins switched on a light. What was this? The room they had left in disorder was now in order! It looked as if it had been cleaned that very day! The furniture had been rearranged!

"Why — why — George," Mrs. Wiggins uttered, looking delightedly at her husband, "it's just darling of you."

"What is?" inquired Mr. Wiggins, dazedly.

"You arranged to have the place cleaned without letting me know anything about it, you perfect dear!"

George shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"The trouble is, Emily, I — I — I didn't."

"Didn't?" she repeated, almost hysterically. "Oh, shall we call for the police, George?"

"No," he answered bravely. "First let us see what this all means. Wait here while I investigate."

"I'm going with you, George. You can't go alone."

Through room after room the wondering pair made their way. It was marvellous! Every room was as precisely in order as a crack yacht. Never had Mrs. Wiggins

herself shown such superlative housekeeping ability.

"Somebody's been living here while we were away," said Mr. Wiggins. "There's every sign of it."

In an upstairs room they found a strange bag. Opening it Mr. Wiggins took out first a dark lantern, next a pair of felt overshoes, next a jimmy.

"Burglars!" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins. "Wonder how they got in."

A jimmied cellar door in the rear of the house told the story. Returning upstairs, they found strange clothing in a wardrobe, a man's and a woman's.

"A burglar and his wife," said Mr. Wiggins.

"They must be out on duty now. Wonder how they like our home."

"Oh, George, shall we call for the police?"

"Not just yet," said Mr. Wiggins, determinedly. Out of the bottom of the strange bag he fished a revolver and slipped it into his pocket. "How wonderfully neat they have kept the place, Emily."

"She is certainly a remarkable housekeeper," said Mrs. Wiggins. "I wonder whether she made that dress herself. That's a beautiful little lace collar. I wish I knew how to make one."



"Burglars!"

"Well, there's only one plan for us, and that's watchful waiting," said Mr. Wiggins. "I'm going down to the foot of the stairs, and there I sit until our friends return."

"I'm with you," said Mrs. Wiggins.

The night wore on as Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins sat awaiting the return of the house's recent occupants. Every sound seemed ominous, every breeze wafted announcement of approach, yet no one appeared. Weary from their vigil the Wigginses went off to sleep after the arrival of dawn.

"We'll wait up again to-night," said Mrs. Wiggins, when they arose.

They waited that night, and the next night, and the next after that; no burglars or burglars' wives appeared.

"George, this simply means you will have to go to the newspaper offices," declared Mrs. Wiggins.

"Guess so," acquiesced George, glumly.

Mr. Wiggins made the rounds of the Brooklyn papers, and in the "miscellaneous advertising" columns of all the Brooklyn family journals there appeared next day the following advertisement:

"IMPORTANT — If the Mr. and Mrs. Second Story who stopped last month at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, 124 N — Street, desire to take up their residence there once more, they may conveniently do so, providing Mrs. Second Story will be so kind as to take active charge of the housekeeping. Congenial surroundings. No questions asked. Good place, steady pay."

— Harry Hillel Bernstein.

Major Pendennis

If you admire the finished histrionic art of John Drew, by all means go to the Criterion Theatre and see him as Major Pendennis in the play of that name by Langdon Mitchell—who gives his adaptation the subtitle of “from Thackeray’s novel.” But if you are an ardent Thackerayan you must expect disappointment, for the proportion of the great novelist in the piece is about one fourth, the other three fourths being the dilutions by Mr. Mitchell. Nor was this condition unavoidable. Thackeray on the stage, Thackeray the charming cynic, Thackeray the lachrymose sentimentalist, Thackeray the inimitable humorist, Thackeray the great literary artist—how in the name of Apollo are all these precious essences to be tasted at ease on the large, empty plate of the theatre? And if Thackeray is often unreal, what is the stage, over the entrance to which should be inscribed, according to Catulle Mendès, the Dante-like legend: All reality abandon ye who enter here? Thackeray is sentimental at times; he even sobs on certain pages. Mr. Mitchell goes him one better. It is another theatrical convention—sentimentalism. A young man may be a deuce of a fellow with wine, dicing and the wenches, but in the theatre he must be sentimental, withal. If he kisses a pretty woman, the wife of his best friend, it must be done with a certain rollicking air. That is the romantic convention. If you are interesting on the boards, you may be a drunkard or burglar, termagant or street-walker; all is forgiven. But at no time must you be “real;” that is, life-like. The fire of the footlights pales its ineffectual glow when confronted by reality. A play can be guileless of life or literature and still be a viable play; above all, a popular play.

Langdon Mitchell

Mr. Mitchell knew all these too obvious things before he transferred Major Pendennis to the stage. He had essayed a similar experiment with “Vanity Fair” some years ago, and to the delight of the theatre-going public, who applauded Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharp. The difficulties then, as in the present case of Pendennis, were overcome, or evaded. Mr. Mitchell has aimed at a single portrait, and Becky and the Major are unmistakably Thackerayan, allowing for variations; indeed, “Major Pendennis” is the theme of Thackeray with variations; in the key of the Philadelphia dramatist. How these variations, some of them agreeable, others negligible, have been received by the large and growing audiences at the Criterion, we all know. The new play is a personal triumph for John Drew, and we feel that Langdon Mitchell aimed at nothing else. Book plays are seldom satisfactory. Such bull’s-eyes as Paul Potter’s dramatic paraphrase of “Trilby” are as rare as a green moon. Mr. Mitchell has published his views on the subject of such transpositions, and, if you admit his chief contention, then you may agree that he has performed a difficult task with a modicum of success. In a phrase, he not only did the best he could, but almost achieved the impossible. Yet, except for a few minutes, “Major Pendennis” is not Thackerayan at all; it is not even Thackeray and Schuykill water; and the aforesaid minutes are those in which John Drew shows himself—which is too seldom.

The Seven Arts

by James Huneker

comedy of the late Charles Coghlan, but he has other qualities that were never within the armory of the Irish actor. If I remember aright, I first saw Mr. Drew in “Cool as a Cucumber” at the old Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia. And the occasion happened to be the young actor’s debut, and although he had been in an upper class at the Roth’s Military Academy, some of the youngsters in the junior classes, myself among the rest, went to the theatre and loyally whooped for young John Drew, from the topmost gallery. We did the same for his sister, Georgia Drew, better known as Georgia Barrymore and now, alas! gone over to the majority. Never mind how many years ago, all this!

His Versatility

Since those far-away days, Mr. Drew has traversed a wide map of rôles. He is, I need hardly add, versatile, whether in Shakespearian or modern plays, in romance or in comedy. As befits his years and present enviable estate in the American theatre, he is playing elderly parts, and the old buck, Major Pendennis, is a grateful one. Never mind the validity of the portrait; the main thing is that it is a portrait of a live man, and a portrait executed with a firm, flowing brush. Mr. Drew knows his business. The color, charm and vitality he imparts to the character were to be expected from an actor of his authority and experience; and again we come upon the point I was complaining about a moment ago; the way we over-emphasize his technical skill. His personality, as a matter of fact, is his most valuable asset. Mr. Drew is not merely a brilliant virtuoso. He is attractive, human, even tender—when he so desires—and the years have mellowed down a certain enamel-like surface of his art. Yet his humanity has stood in his way in the portrayal of Major Pendennis, which is by far too picturesque, warm-hearted and human to be the perfect embodiment of the cynical, cold-hearted, selfish, vain old beau drawn by Thackeray. In Mr. Drew’s assumption—and the hands are the hands of Drew, while the voice is the voice of Langdon Mitchell—we get a touch of the grand manner à la Brummel, and a more than touch of the “Raisonneur” of the French drama. Recall Mr. Drew years ago in “The Squire of Dames.” The new play is dependent for its excuse upon Major Pendennis (isn’t the novel at its best when the Major stalks through the pages?) And Major Pendennis is John Drew. And two and two make four. And when he is off the stage, the piece wilts like butter in the rays of an August sun. And, by the way, Mr. Mitchell’s original epigrams and dialogue are brilliant, if too latter-day for Thackeray.

**The Performance**

The ladies and gentlemen of the cast should not be convicted of the crime of *lèse-Thackeray*. They speak the lines allotted them, and, in the queer intrigue of circumstances woven by Mr. Mitchell, they acquit

(Continued on page 23)

Ruck

IN EVERY KEY

By Benjamin De Casseres

Momus, the Slayer of Mars

M. Meyer, editor of *Le Temps*, recalls that President Felix Faure realized the loss that a President suffered because his office had no uniform decreed to it under the constitution. President Faure asked a great artist to design a suitable uniform, but the matter was allowed to drop.

— *Newspaper clipping.*

The way to end all wars would be to bar uniforms, for imagine millions of men going into battle in jumpers, top hats, derbies, golf caps, creased trousers, pea-jackets, four-in-hand ties and plaid overcoats.

The opposing armies would greet one another with wild guffaws, and Momus would rule the battle-field instead of Mars.

Life is a giant cash-register whereof each one thinks he is the Salesman, but is in reality only the figure—generally a 0.

Truth is an instrument for discovering the errors of our friends.

You know him: He sits in a certain all-night café, and all his thoughts turn into cigarettes, and all the brilliant books he never wrote become highballs.

Why Not?

Austria, France and Germany are enrolling and drilling boys of fifteen for the Big Game.

If the war lasts long enough the babies will be entered. A Baby-Coach Battalion is not inconceivable. A child of three can easily be taught to fire a pistol or wield a short sword.

Onward Christian Babies! Le petit Jean against little Fritz on the Rhine! By all means, the Baby Coach Battalion.

The Masses

The masses! The masses.
Strangled sigh that goes into the Infinite,
Billion-eyed being that sees nothing,
Whose life is nothing,
Pawns of Fate and candidates for Oblivion.
They manure the glory of the Great
And feed the eagles of the conquerors
And are sap and bone in the body of Genius.
Dragging the chariots of Charlemagne,
Caesar and Napoleon
Into the Empyrean of the human imagination,
They fall back into the gaping graves of the
Old Mother,
And are like a tale that has never been told.

Sir Pertinax MacSycophant
Americanus

First Bergson, then Noyes, now Rabin-dranath Tagore. So long as he is a foreigner and comes from beyond the seas the American people ask nothing more. We are the most hospitable of peoples.

We can afford to be generous to those who come to us thus—one with his plush-and-satin Hegelianism; another who peddles strophes; and a third who carries his Nirvana and Nobel Prize in his jeans—for have we not honored Genius beyond all peoples?

Our parks and drives are fairly encumbered with statues and busts to Poe, Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and Stephen Crane.

In the name of the great god Fad—welcome!

Not In Any Dictionary

CURIOSITY is a peephole in the brain through which one sees the pomp and ceremony of the absurd.

A CHEF is a messiah of gluttons.

TO-DAY is the hearse that carries the dreams of yesterday to the cemetery.

TRADITION is a clock that tells what time it was.

FIFTH AVENUE is the underworld of the upper world.

GLORY is to receive a letter of praise from everybody after you are dead.

What's in a noise? Noise by any other name would sound like Billy Sunday.

In the Great War it is only the dead who have "won ground" of any importance, up to date. Literally, they have "inherited the earth."

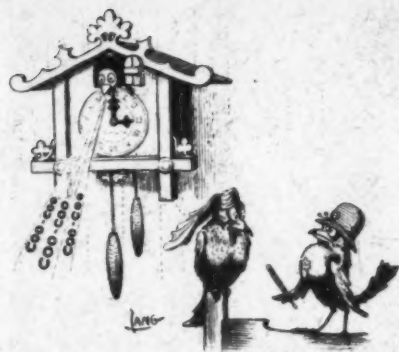
POET (Staccato): I await the judgment of posterity. I wait—

GRAVEDIGGER (blandly): And here, sir, is your waiting-room.

To Correspondents

CHARLEY—In America the literary life is *sui generis*. If you have no ideas they will tell you you have style; if you have no style they will tell you you have ideas; if you have neither they will proclaim the "wholesomeness" of your work and film it.

SUSIE—Memory, my dear, is the eye in back of your head. It outlasts the other two eyes.



"Officer, that masher has annoyed me continually!"

What Santa
Is Not Responsible For:

The story concerning some hard-hearted codger who becomes as pliant as mush. Dickens started it.

The yarn wherein a poor guy waiting for a handout on the bread-line turns out to be a long lost son just in time for the big spread.

The tale dealing with a second story man who repents to an appropriate background of Christmas trees and little somnambulistic girls.

The gag about the starved newsboy and how the fur-lined citizen—while the big tower clock winks amiably—adopts him.

The concoction containing a cabaret singer who finds her own soul and her true affinity while the raggedy melodies temporarily yield to the chimes.

The sentimental pot-pourri of the erring daughter who on Christmas Eve drops the prodigal son like a hot coal and toddles back home ready to wipe off the crusted snow on the old "Welcome" mat. Obligato by the old house dog who recognizes her first.

The pale, beeyouteeful snowflakes for which the reader is expected to fall though he knows what becomes of them on the sidewalks of New York.

Harlequin's Confession

I have driven the light from the day
And purged the night of its dark,
Cancelled the beams in the Milky Way
In a fine metaphysical lark.



VISIONS

— conjured up by a letter from their son announcing his marriage to a stranger



THE CONSUMER FAMILY

By BERTON BRALEY

Big News from Father

Illustrated by MERLE JOHNSON



The Ultimate Consumer settled into his chair at the dinner table and beamed on his family.

"What's the big news, pop?" asked Henry, his eldest son, who is studying stenography in a business college. "Something good musta happened or you wouldn't be sporting the grin instead of the usual before-dinner frown."

"Henry!" protested Mrs. Consumer, "that's no way to talk to your father. Besides, heavens knows, if he is a bit grumpy, usually, when he comes home, he has reason enough, what with that stuffy office and the train and all the worries of supporting a family. By the way, father," she added, "the milk bill has gone up fifty cents this month on account of the raise in prices, and with potatoes and flour going up, the grocer's and butcher's bills are simply frightful. Do you know that our Thanksgiving cost ten dollars? Goodness! I don't see what we have to be thankful for, either."

The Ultimate Consumer shrugged his shoulders. "Well, we can be thankful it's over, anyhow," he observed. "Besides, there isn't any need to worry quite so much now, mother, for I —"

"Papa," cried Agnes, who is fourteen and a sophomore in high-school, "I have to have four new note-books for my school work. They cost twenty-five cents this year instead of fifteen, because paper is higher and —"

"Agnes, how many times must I tell you not to interrupt your father when he is talking," her mother exclaimed; "Father, do

go on with your news. — Oh," she began again, suddenly, as he caught his breath for a new start, "I forgot to tell you that I had to pay a dollar more for shoes for Charles this afternoon than I've ever paid before, and the ones I used to get for myself have risen a dollar and a half. This war is just terrible."

"Say, daddy," Charles, aged 9, and in the third grammar grade, made his contribution to the discussion, "if I'm gonna have a new sled for Xmas, the man says I better get it quick because steel is more higher priced, he said, and —"

The Ultimate Consumer gave up, for the moment, his efforts to cut through the piece of meat on his plate and gazed at his youngest child, reproachfully.

"Et tu, Charles," he said, "even you had to come in with your little offering of crape. Why remind me of Christmas? I'm not through the Thanksgiving bills yet, and now there's another holiday bobbing up merrily to pick my pocket. I think I'd enjoy one good plain year without any holiday trimmings. Six week days and then Sunday, six week days and then Sunday, with New Years, Christmas, Fourth of July and Election Day just regular days. Gosh, but I'd save money!" He attacked his meat again unsuccessfully.

"Why will you buy this cheap stuff, mother?" he demanded.

"Cheap stuff!" his wife ejaculated, "it's twenty-six cents a pound. I could get better for thirty, but I hope I have some sense of economy. Beef is up again."

"You don't mean 'up again', mother,



you mean 'up further', commented her spouse. "However," he continued, regaining a bit of his complaisance, "At the moment I won't let it worry me much. You see, mother and offspring, each and all, I've had a bit of good fortune, I —"

"I'll bet pop's cleaned up on a couple-a war babies," guessed Henry, "and he's just going to tell us the brand of car he's bought for us, ain't you, pop?"

"I wish you'd get that Wall Street bug out of your head," his father responded. "What makes you think I've been fool enough to monkey with stock? I can't afford to speculate, when I have an expensive family such as this is."

"Speaking of Wall street," Mrs. Consumer remarked, "Mr. Hunter, our landlord, made fifty thousand in Crucible steel, they say. You'd think that would make him feel generous, but the new people in the house across the street say that they're paying five dollars a month more than we are — and they have a smaller house. You know what that means — it means that he'll raise our rent as soon as the lease runs out. There, I've interrupted you again," she admitted, as The Ultimate Consumer squirmed in his chair.

"It's not important, any more" sighed the Ultimate Consumer. "When I came home I was as chipper and glad as a birdie on a bough, in spite of the fact that the commutation rate has been raised on

(Continued to page 24)

SHIPS IN THE HARBOR

By Samuel Hoffenstein

They are sentient things, these ships in the harbor. Coming in, sea-beaten but happy; going out, courageous, to the uncertain waves, they are the true ministers of the world, the gospel-bearers of humanity. They are the peoples of the world greeting one another as they pass in a common market-place. They smile down upon the sea that bridges with soft water the chasms of distance for their friendly errands. They understand its storms and its calms, the mystery of its depths, the mask of its distance. They are proud with the pride of service; majestic with the dignity of an immeasurable trust. As long as they come and go wars are little things. The throb of their engines is the heart of mankind beating in content.

They are sentient things, these ships in the harbor. Their garments are fashioned of the winds of the world and the waters of the world and the verdures of the world. They smile always and are serene, because the dreams of the world are theirs and its genius and its labor. The dreams of the brain of the world, and of its hands and of its eyes. The brain of the world that dreams poems and pictures and music and cures for its ills. The hands of the world that are the hands of the weaver of Damascus, and the seamstress of Paris and the grape-grower of Spain and the bootmaker of London. The eyes of the world that dream forgotten loves and streets and hillsides. These things belong to the ships in the harbor—and they bear the dream about the world.

When they come in they bring with them each his own skies and his own waters; his own flowers and his own trees; his own tongue and his own customs. They bring to the windy north the warmth of southern seas, and they temper the southern seas with the winds of the northland. Under gray skies they make grow the orange and the olive, and they plant the cold pine

beside the warm palm. The tall hills lie down beside the level plains in the shadow of their prows.

When they go out the sea comes in to meet them and the lands of the world draw close about them. The peasant of Russia and the boulevardier of Paris look up at the sky with their arms about each other. The gondolier of Venice floats by the houses of an English hamlet. The Rhine flows under their sterns and the Nile flows under their bows. The Arab peers over the shoulder of the gambler of Monte Carlo. The Turk sits on the steps of a villa in Nice. The girl in Italy sings that the boy of Spain might hear.

They are like moving windows that open on the world. They pause at the ports of earth that its peoples may look out and see how small the world is, and how near, and how friendly. And they smile—for they are sentient things, these ships in the harbor.

Two Essential Points

FRIEND: What is the first thing you do when a man presents himself to you for consultation?

DOCTOR: I ask him if he has a car.

FRIEND: What do you learn from that?

DOCTOR: If he has one I know he is wealthy, and if he hasn't I know he is healthy.

Symptoms

WILLIS: What is your son going to be when he grows up?

GILLIS: From present indications, a golf-caddy.

WILLIS: What makes you think so?

GILLIS: When I started to lick him this morning, he sneered and told me that I was holding the stick the wrong way.

Auspicious

WILLIS: I played golf yesterday for the first time.

GILLIS: How did you make out?

WILLIS: Fine. Made a home run right at the start. I hit the first ball into the tall grass in left field and ran around the whole eighteen holes before they found it.

The Reductions

WILLIS: I took up golf to reduce.

GILLIS: Did you succeed?

WILLIS: Yes. I reduced my bank-account, my hours at the office, and my reputation for veracity.

Good Training

WILLIS: This manual training stuff in our schools is all bosh. What good will it ever do my boy to be able to handle the hammer and saw?

GILLIS: Why, he may be called upon to carve some day.



SHOPWORN

A Ballade of Verse

I told the world, when I was young:

"I live for Art, and Art for me;

No prose shall cheapen pen or tongue—

I only traffic Poesy."

The poems I wrote were very free—

I got no more for them, I'll own;

And soon I saw conclusively,

Man shall not live by verse alone.

Some things, I found, could not be sung,

Even by way of pleasantry.

I rhymed, "I want a job"—it brung

The boss's wild antipathy.

And letters, duns, and such debris—

And talking at the telephone—

These things and rhyme will not agree;

Man shall not live by verse alone.

But, sadder still, my lute I strung

In praise of many a lovely she;

My careless, amorous numbers wrung

Frail hearts—they rushed at me with glee.

"Poetic license" was my plea—

Yet single bliss was overthrown.

They darn my hose, they pour my tea—

Man shall not live by verse—alone!

L'Envoi

Poe, Thompson, starved in misery;

Rhymed checks a bank might well disown;

Love-lyrics bring their tyranny—

Man shall not live by verse alone.

Clement Wood



"What'cha got in dat package?"

"A box of cigars for my husband."

"Keep right on walking, Lady, sorry I bothered you!"



PLAYS AND PLAYERS

By Alan Dale

The dramatic critic who, in a monotonous and nerve-racking routine, finds himself compelled to write a full column on every production, whether good, bad, indifferent, or worse, discovers very speedily that he is accused of "roasting" and even of "abusing" current offerings. He becomes self-conscious and morbid, and gradually his sense of humor is embittered.

That is the curse of daily newspaper criticism.

In my department in Puck—a department that I have always coveted—I am going to avoid all that misery. Over object failure, I shall drop the merciful cloak of silence. The worst having been said by my conscientious and suffering colleagues, I shall hit nothing when it is down and out.

I am going to enjoy myself—to let myself loose, as it were. I intend to justify epithets that have been hurled at me for years. They have called me a clown, a jester, a *saltimbanque*, and other horrible things that I have gloried in. I am going to glory in them some more!

There shall be no solemnity, no "foolish tears," no regrets, no reproaches, no acrimony, no owlish mission, but merely the light, the froth, the jollity, the gaiety, and the unconscious humor of the best recreative institution that exists today—the good old immutable "drammer!"

The prosperity of any "popular" institution depends largely upon the amount of talk that the professional "press agent" does not induce. Therefore, as we are all interested

in the welfare of the magnificent structure at Central Park and West Sixty-Second Street, let me chat for a few minutes on that benign subject.

It is a comic topic of course, but naturally I assume that all my readers have their sense of humor handy. The history of what was originally the New Theatre and later, the Century, may succinctly be told in the two following paragraphs:

November, 1909.

"His Excellency Governor Hughes did not think that the theatre should be left to incentives of cupidity. Still, the New Theatre was not a protest; it was not antagonistic. It was like any good thing, and must prosper on its merits. Elihu Root said that it was designed to go down the ages and live forever."

November, 1916.

"Ten portraits by Raphael Kirchner hang on the semi-circular wall of the orchestra floor. They depict beauties of the chorus—Hazel Lewis, Simone d'Herlys, Charlotte Davis, Lilyan Tashman, and six others. They are in pastel, and form a series, each picture representing a human emotion, reflected in the face of a Pierrot."

If, as we used to learn at school, our poor old bodies change every seven years, what about our cunning little minds?

Ours not to reason why. Being a philosopher, nothing amazes me. If the Metropolitan Opera House suddenly decided to devote itself to "movies," I could accept the situation placidly and unemotionally. "The Century Girl" proved to be an astounding

lesson in what unlimited money can achieve. A rain of gold dripped over the production. It was an aureate saturation. Music by Victor Herbert, and Irving Berlin—both awfully expensive; scenes by Joseph Urban, also a costly person. Producers: Charles Dillingham, and Florenz Ziegfeld, jr.

Nobody wrote the "book." The lines were nearly all devoted to coy "personalities." It was all very simple and rather pellucid . . . but most alluring. Mr. Frank Tinney said that the production, if successful, could not possibly lose more than \$2,000 a week, and that deft little touch of dollaresque humor caught all our fancies.

I only hope that dear Mr. Bernard Shaw did not hear the sad news that his own play "Getting Married" opening the same night as the Century, was fearfully neglected. It did seem a bit deplorable. All the critical gentlemen—oh, I was among them, and I cannot conceal the fact—went to the Century, to speed it down the ages, instead of to the Booth, thus forgetting their manifest duty.

For the first time, poor Mr. Shaw took second place, a mere spectacle rushing in ahead. *Mirabile dictu!* (I think I write perfect Latin!) However, in extenuation, I will admit that I had seen "Getting Married" in London, and there was method in my madness. Having been bored once, I saw no particular reason for taking any more, thanks.

I love Shaw. He has the same effect upon me as a trip on a scenic railway at Caney

(Continued on page 26)



VOL. LXXXI No. 2075

1920



WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 9, 1916

PUCK'S New Policy

FORTY YEARS of fun-making by some of the foremost American humorists have made PUCK America's cleverest weekly.

With this issue, PUCK enters a wider sphere. It will strive to become America's cleverest *international* weekly.

PUCK will endeavor to give to the American reading public the finest humor and satire in literature and art produced anywhere in the world.

PUCK will be first, and above all, American in spirit. It will defend vigorously all movements in American life that work towards real, healthy, sane, broad Americanism, in the best sense of the term, and will attack fearlessly and courageously the reactionary, destructive forces that tend to undermine American traditions and institutions.

PUCK will combat narrowness, prejudice and superstition in whatever form expressed.

Satire has ever been, and is still, the most forceful weapon against hypocrisy, against social injustice, against political dishonesty and incompetency. With the aid of the ablest writers and artists in America and abroad, PUCK will employ this weapon vigilantly and without prejudice.

But it will not seek only to destroy. Its policy will be constructive. It will encourage with the virility of youth and with faith in the nobler qualities of human nature, all those forces that are directed towards the making of a better, freer and greater America.

The earnestness of purpose back of PUCK, however, will not hinder it from becoming an even greater source of genuine fun and laughter. It will bring to its readers not only some of the finest works created by American master humorists, old and young, but it will also present the masterpieces of the most gifted satirical writers and artists of Europe.

American in spirit, PUCK will be international in scope, just as America itself is international in its make-up, drawing its strength and many-sided genius from all the peoples on earth.

PUCK believes in the enthusiasm and optimism of youth. It will continue to laugh sympathetically at human frailties and peculiarities, to censure daringly the destructive influences in American life and to bring into tens of thousands of American homes ever more sunshine and hope and joy.

The New Adjustment

MR. Charles Raymond Macauley, the great American cartoonist, whose work will henceforth appear every week in PUCK, has, in this issue, interpreted effectively the awakening of the West.

The voice of a true-as-steel Americanism has spoken from the western banks of the Mississippi to the shores of the blue Pacific.

The West, dominant, strong in its love of peace, magnificent in its espousal of a progressive civilization, has rebalanced the scales. At last, the weight of "Wall Street" and the baneful influences of which it has always been the epitome, has been lifted from the government of a mighty republic.

The men and women who have conquered the elements and created a splendid empire of industry, have awakened to the New Freedom.

In the archives of the century, the West has filed its vote of confidence in the man who was not afraid, in the face of unjust and bitter opposition, to battle for humanity against greed, special privilege and social injustice.

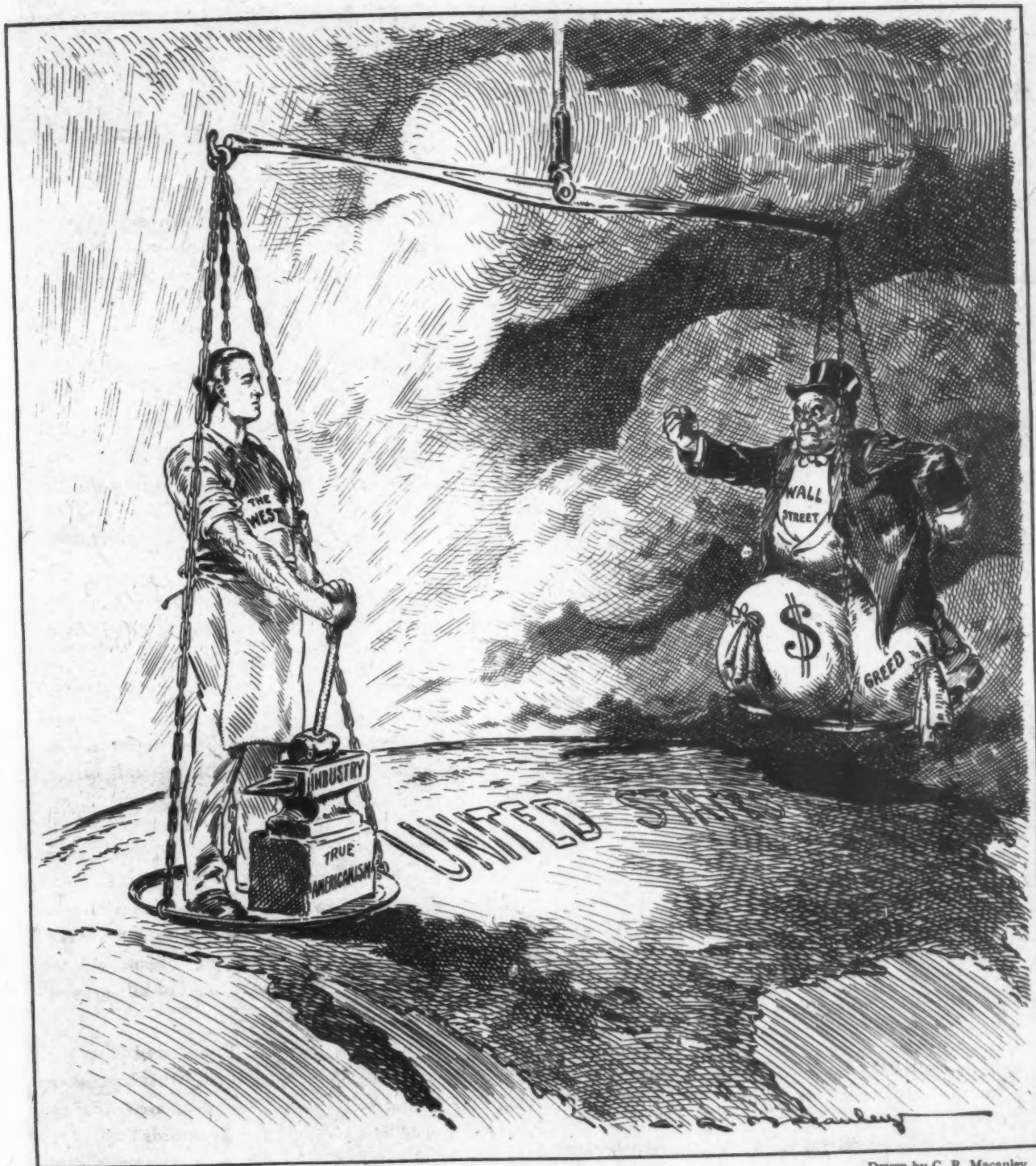
The High Cost of Living

IT is hard to understand these spineless Americans. Here they are, complaining bitterly about a trifle like the high cost of living, while across the ocean, Governments face a problem like the high cost of killing, and make no complaints whatever.

Yes, we know that shrapnel has soared in price above any previous quotation in history; that December barbed wire and January bombs, f. o. b., are quoted at unprecedented figures; that altitude records have been shattered for rates on chlorine gas and cannon—yet not a whimper from European Governments about the high cost of killing.

Poor, spineless Americans, citizens of a nation too proud to fight for the Allies and too proud to fight for the Germans! Creatures who talk about the high cost of living while European statesmen keep stiff upper lips about the high cost of killing. Poor Americans!

OUTWEIGHED



Drawn by C. R. Macauley

THE NEW ADJUSTMENT



THE PURSUIT OF PRIVACY — EPISODE TEN

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

A Little Catfish

Mrs. George Lewis was in Rome Sunday calling on Mrs. Leslie and daughter, Mrs. Alberts. They have the sympathy of their friends.

— *The Orwell (O.) News-Letter.*

They are Elusive

News is scarce at present: Ye scribe is living in the back woods and can't catch them very easily.

— *The Gentry (Ark.) Journal.*

And Well They Might

Mrs. E. D. Jackson has moved her two large alligators from her residence to her place of business as laundry and news stand where they attract quite a good deal of interest.

— *The Huntsville (Ala.) Times.*

It Ought To Be Done

WANTED — Someone to return Oakley's big lawn roller to the Burke Oakley home at once as he needs it now.

— *The Cortland (O.) Herald.*

A Sick Lady

Old Man Peabody has been and is yet attending a sick cow, swelled about the head, neck and under belly, sore throat and cough. She doesn't seem to lose any but rather gains, but not an even distribution being mostly underneath, but as long as there is life there is hope.

— *The Valley Falls (Kansas) Vindicator.*

Perfect

The bride and bridegroom stood upon a beautiful green knoll on the bank of Miller Creek, surrounded by nature's decorations of waving foliage, with the blue canopy of heaven above. They were attended by a group of friends. On the opposite bank of the creek was the officiating minister, Rev. J. B. McReynolds, with another group of friends. When the time came for the "happy consummation," the minister in a very pleasing and impressive manner repeated the marriage ceremony pronouncing them man and wife. The minister and group of friends standing with him extended their congratulations verbally across the swollen stream, promising the hand of congratulation later. This was a pleasing picture. The groom in his conventional black suit was looking quite handsome, and the bride attired in her pure white lingerie was indeed a lovely and attractive picture of a bride.

— *The Taylor County (Tex.) Banner.*

What Sort of Races?

Although the races last Friday and Saturday were good, they did not attract the crowds which were expected, and as a result the meet was not a success from a financial standpoint. The bean dinners were well patronized and those who did attend were well pleased with the efforts made to entertain them.

— *The Tecumseh (Okla.) Republican.*

What Was The Matter?

M. M. Parnell has recovered sufficiently to be able to stop at home most of the time.

— *The Anderson (Mo.) News-Review.*

Where's the Surprise?

Miss Daws, the head nurse of Berea College Hospital, gave to the girls who are taking nursing there a pleasant surprise by having each invite a young man Saturday evening from 6.30 to 9.30 to string beans. After the beans were strung the folks were entertained by many new games.

— *The Irvine (Ky.) Sun.*

These Flighty Reporters

The word "telepathy" in the McPherson anniversary account of last week should have been "tapestry." The society editress overlooked this error in proof submitted.

— *The Stuart (Fla.) Times.*

The Mystery

This paper has not sought for anything from any one, but it wants again to direct attention to the fact that it was in the office of The Tribune that the discoveries were made that showed where we were drifting.

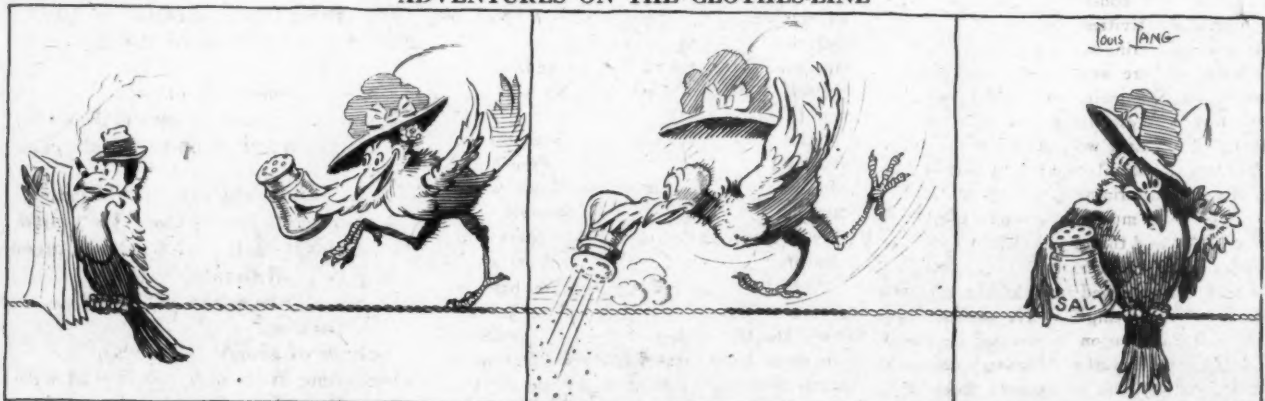
— *The Holtville (Cal.) Tribune.*

Is She Satisfied?

In Monday's Spokesman-Review an item in the hotel column stated that S. G. Anderson and wife were registered at the hotel. Mr. Anderson was in Spokane alone on that occasion, an error in copying from the register making it appear that Mrs. Anderson was here also.

— *The Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review*

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"My chance at last!"

Missed again!

Drat the luck! Leap year's almost gone and I haven't caught a fellow yet."



GETTING SQUEEZED

—Drawn by Morris

Too Busy to Fight

The Society of Wives of Munitions Manufacturers held a bazaar for the aid of wounded soldiers.

Impassioned appeals were issued imploring all right-minded persons to contribute their support to this humane cause. The appeals were effective. Money poured in from all sources, merchandise came in such volume that the street in front of the bazaar headquarters was choked with traffic.

Noted actors and actresses, artists, singers and dancers, volunteered their services. The press gave considerable space daily to the bazaar's activities.

It was a glittering success. Crowds packed the aisles. There were a hundred points of interest on the main floor. All the coin-extracting devices that go to make up the bedlam of a bazaar were in operation.

But the principal interest centred in the Patriotism Auditorium. Here, from the heights of a platform, munitions manufacturers appeared daily and thundered forth orations on "Unflinching Americanism," in the course of which they denounced the wickedness of the "timid and vacillating" Government which refused to declare war on Mexico and Germany.

On the third day of the bazaar, a sensation was created by the appearance there of a French officer, who had been wounded in the arm and was now on sick leave. He was the only European soldier who had

come to this great affair, and considerable fuss was made over him. Women vied for the privilege of escorting the distinguished (by the enemy's shell) Frenchman to the booths over which they presided. They toasted, regaled, plied and bombarded him with tea, ice cream, punch and compliments. A number of munitions manufacturers opened bottle after bottle of wine with him, and all drank to the combined prowess of warriors and ammunition.

Glowing with the warmth of tributes and the fermented grape, the Frenchman mounted the platform whence issued daily the speeches anent "Unflinching Americanism." Waving aloft his good arm, he quickly attracted a large audience. The munitions manufacturers pressed to the fore, the better to hear their new friend.

"Comrades," he shouted, "thees ees one glorious day in the life of a poor Frenchman. Munitions I have known for days, weeks, months, but the noble manufacturers — ah, thees ees the first time I have thees great pleasure.

"Ah, they are noble, they are brave — in the fashion of our great Père Joffre I could kiss them on each cheek, so wonderful are thees brave manufacturers. But no — better than that I must do for my France. La Belle France, my noble manufacturers, needs munitions, eet ees true, but she needs brave men more. What say you, gentlemen?

— will you join a poor Frenchman in the glorious formation of a great regiment? — will you come to our trenches with me, there to strike down the enemy? Will you — "

But the Frenchman stopped short. His audience had vanished. —H. H. B.

Tear-Chant of Thanks

For joy of the heart and the golden dream,

For work and its just reward,
We thank thee, Ruler of life, supreme;
We thank Thee, omnipotent Lord.
But into our prayer of thanks there glides

The dark *motif* of tears,
Wailing the woe that on earth abides
And the tragic, blood-stained years.

For our nation's peace, our liberties,
For freedom from plague and sword,
We gratefully falter on bended knees
A prayer of thanks, O Lord;
Yet into our hymn of praise there throng

Echoes of groans and cries;
They come from afar and blend with the song

We fervently choir to the skies.

E. L.

The World Circus



Culturette

Culture penetrates and permeates; culturette veneers. A person thus thinly coated, however, makes up in advertising prowess what he lacks in substance. Thus the culturetted individual is always ready to impress those whom he meets by choosing words and phrases not wisely but longitudinally. For example, he will not call a certain tiny make of car an automobile but grandiloquently term it "an agricultural implement."

Culturette, too, may be called the gold paint on the brick of present-day education. It is sold at secondary institutions, colleges and especially at finishing schools. Knowing how to apply it at the proper time is an art in itself. What near-wine is to champagne, or leatherette to solid leather, culturette is to real culture.

I can think of no better horrible example than my own fiancée Mary Brown. People who knew her in her early teens tell me she was a sweet little child who curtsied most prettily whenever her parents wanted to show her off. It must have gotten into her blood. She has been showing off ever since. Her father, you see, had been lucky (marginally speaking) and the public high school, where the proletarian's daughter eats her cheese sandwich side by side with the daintier offspring who indulges in caviar, did not appeal to him. Besides, mother had begun a little wail to the effect that you never know whom you meet in these free-for-all places. So Mary, neat, sweet and simple, was sent off to the Plunkdown Academy for Young Ladies, whence she was graduated still neat and sweet, but no longer simple.

We are not concerned with the process, but with the result. She left, entirely culturetted, even to her name, which had become Mignon. Mary, she thought, was bourgeois, and Marie not sufficiently elegant. After paying her tuition fee, instructors began plastering her with bits of music, art and literature, all highly colored, until, as far as a finishing school could do it, Mignon, as a mosaic, was finished.

She evidently was taught the magic value of the word, "trend." "The present trend in music," she told me during the early days of our courtship, as she reclined easily against leather cushions in a pose suggestive both of Pallas Athene and Venus, "is more than impressionistic; it is post-impressionistic. It produces an entirely different reaction." When I heard that solemn dictum from lips so dainty, I paused in admiration.

"Do you mean it?" I asked, blankly, making a vague effort to collect my thoughts.

"Tone color is all in all," she responded. "Without that, music loses all significance,

and without significance, what is music?"

What, indeed! Somewhat dizzy, I had to grope my way out. I felt feeble and my movements were slow. Was I enamored of a goddess? So young and beautiful and yet so wise! In my weak condition I was entirely unprepared for the piano strains which floated down to me when I had nearly reached the bottom of the stairs. Could that be Richard Strauss? Perspiration gathered on my forehead in beads and trickled down my cheeks to my collar. Was it something unfamiliar of Reger's? I listened intently to make sure, while the butler one-stepped with the chambermaid in total oblivion. Then I recognized it, tone color and all, a catch of Irving Berlin's in two-quarter time, weirdly disturbed by syncopation and sudden changes of key.

Later, with respect to painting, she was equally dogmatic, bless her little culturetted soul, but I now loved her in spite of her enthusiasms.

"I am simply wild about art," she informed me.

"You are, darling, but why specify?" I questioned.

It did not even graze her.

"Cézanne is far in advance of Manet," she murmured. "I am crazy about his totalities. His canvasses are units."

"Have you, then, any objections to Praxiteles?" I interrogated suddenly and fiercely. Since the musical incident I had lost all fear of her.

She pondered a moment.

"Praxiteles — let's see — Praxiteles — why

no, in the main — ensembles a bit heterogeneous — but I can't really say I have any objection."

I pretended to be relieved.

"But what style of art do you really like?" I insinuated.

"I just told you — Cézanne."

"I mean *really*," I persisted. Mignon, when hard pressed, was always truthful.

"Well, if you must know," she pouted prettily, "although I don't think it's a bit nice of you to press the point that way, when it comes down to just plain liking, it's the Sunday Comics."

Her literary tastes are equally pretentious. She almost confessed to a passion for Gertrude Stein until I horridly refused to accept "chaotic sublimity" as a valid excuse for Gertie. Mignon then turned to the *vers libristis* and acknowledged them "the only poets with intensive imagination." She also admired their "freedom from the banalities of the older school." Among novelists, she was strong for the "unconventional note" of George Moore, the "fearlessness" of Theodore Dreiser and "the social message" of Wells and Galsworthy. "If a subject is only treated with understanding and sincerity," she averred, "it is neither immoral nor unmoral."

"That is all very true," I protested, almost convinced by her earnestness, "but what do you really *like* to read?"

"Do you mean —" she began, angrily.

"Yes," I said, in that firm and masterful tone she once told me she loved.

"You are getting worse and worse, and I really oughtn't to like you at all," she remonstrated. "You are a cave-man for savagery."

"But what, Mignon dear," I whispered, "what?"

For a moment she stared at me as if hypnotized.

"Must I tell you?" she pleaded.

I almost relented, but had just strength enough to remain firm in the interests of truth. I nodded my head affirmatively.

"You brought it on yourself," she almost sobbed. "The only reading I truly and honestly enjoy is — Smeary Stories."

— Elias Lieberman.



When it's up to you to find employment for your favorite sister's darling boy.

Sale of Second-Hand Wars

(Once Thought to be the Acme of Perfection and the Last Word in Destruction, but Now Sent to the Scrap-Heap by the 1914-16 Model.)

The War of Sennacherib the Assyrian against the fenced cities of Judah: Distinguished by indiscriminate killing, but marred by monotony of death-dealing methods. Considered the height of ferocity until 1914. Now valued at.....30 cents.

The War of Cambyses the Persian against Egypt: First war to make use of Frightfulness. The Persians placed before their army cats, dogs and other animals sacred to the Egyptians, thus preventing the Egyptians from fighting back. Thought to be a pretty valuable trick, until Kaiser Wilhelm gave demonstrations. Worth about.....7 cents.

First, Second and Third Græco-Persian Wars: Regarded as violent struggles for many years, and generally mentioned in histories as high-grade wars. Now universally admitted to be a sort of basket-picnic. Value, according to present standards . . . a suit of old clothes, or what have you?

Alexander's War Against the World: The ancient idea of a campaign of generous scope. Now known to be a piker's expedition. Appraised at about.....\$4.85

The Punic Wars: A long drawn out struggle between a lot of amateurs who would probably have regarded the use of poison gas as poor sportmanship. Measured by modern standards, these wars would have trouble in living up to the name of Puny Wars, let alone Punic. Value, one thin dime.

The Mithradatic Wars: One of these wars was known until recently as The Great War. Valuable from a humorous viewpoint. These wars were marked by a conscientious attempt at wholesale slaughter, but were pitifully short of ideal war conditions because of the fact that only one man could be killed at a time. Would be considered effeminate by modern generals. Value \$20.....(Mex.)

The Hun Invasion: This war of all Europe against the Huns, led by Attila, the Scourge of God, has held until recently the proud position of World's Most Awful Conflict; but has at last been relegated to the ash-pile as being Not Half Bad. The Huns were inventive in methods of destruction, and careless of public opinion. Still a valuable war, in that it suggested, to a slight degree, the variety of methods which enriches the present struggle. Connoisseurs will find it interesting. Value, largely for sentimental reasons.....\$562.00

The Crusades: A series of mad adventures on the part of men who wouldn't stab an opponent in the back or raze a shrine.....No value.

The Forty Years' War—The Thirty Years' War—The French Revolution—The Napoleonic Wars—The American Revolution: Tiresome affairs without any of the modern conveniences or inventions. Value, as a lot, \$6.80.

The Civil War—The Russian-Japanese War—The Spanish-American War: Slightly worn wars, good for wall decorations, or for the baby to play with. Prices on request.

— K. L. Roberts.



This decorative party opens your limousine door



Your ticket is taken by a field marshal



Then the head usher passes you on to—



This lovely usheress



Your thirst is assuaged and your eyes delighted by this—



And then they expect you to enthuse over a star dressed like this!

A Hard Winter for Mr. Carnegie

Not so very long ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie received a good deal of quiet sympathy when it became known that a fixed determination to die poor had led him to give away all except a paltry \$25,000,000 of his once enormous fortune. From all appearances, the last chapter of Mr. Carnegie's life as a millionaire is about to be written. He has purchased the great Stokes mansion at Lenox, containing no less than seventy rooms; and the remainder of his life will be devoted to buying a sufficient amount of coal to heat it, and to paying for the groceries needed to feed the people who occupy the seventy rooms. With coal at twelve dollars a ton, and still rising; with flour higher than at any time since the Civil War; with cow-meat preparing to give a demonstration of history repeating itself by jumping over the moon; with gasoline crouched in the middle distance, all set to leap upward with unbridled vigor: with all these things, the maintenance of a seventy-room house is not a task to be contemplated with equanimity except by a city, a state or a government, capable of raising money by issuing bonds which posterity must worry about. By the time that Mr. Carnegie has settled his winter's coal bill, there will be a hole in his income large enough to hold a Carnegie Library of the Class A type. To the man in

the street, it looks as though Mr. Carnegie's desire to die poor was going to be realized with unusual rapidity and thoroughness.

The Kaiser said he hoped God would be with the Germans in the fighting. — Amsterdam dispatch.

"Hoped?" Can it be that the Kaiser is losing faith? Two years ago he was sure of it.

Thirty-five thousand people sat in the Yale Bowl and saw Yale's historical pageant. Bowls have gained much in carrying capacity since the three wise men of Gotham went to sea in one.

A hosiery concern has been putting out a line of women's stockings which has crossed college flags on the ankles. Judging by some of the society photographs we have seen, the knee would seem to be the proper altitude.

It all happened to Roumania before she even knew she was sick.

The defeat of Princeton by both Harvard and Yale may incline Princetonians to the thought that "Slow and Sure" might be a better reference for a coach than "Speedy."

Puck Interviews the Czar (Continued from page 5)

"A brave race. I have always told the Grand Dukes, 'Put the Jews on the firing line,' the very first firing line, I mean, and Golly!—as you say in Indianapolis—just see how they can die for the Little Father—a pet name the people gave us Czars long ago.

"Th-th-th-th-the Jews-s-s-s-s, eh?" he concluded, with that long, sibilant gargle. "They are all heroes, and die like real Russians."

At this the Czar of All the Russias, Siberia and Kishineff signalled to me with a low bow that the interview was at an end. Flipping a cigarette butt into the skull of Dostoevsky—for so my fancy still had it—whose statue, as we know, adorns the palace grounds at Tsarskoye Selo he strode out of the room.

Outside it was raining. The street was empty. A gendarme with fixed bayonet stood at the corner, and in the distance I saw a large prison-van approaching.

Mrs. JORKINS: Here's a telegram from our son stating that he has been expelled from college.

Mr. JORKINS: Perhaps I can pull through now without making an assignment.

There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to marry.

How do you know?

I have proposed to several.

I can't do my enemy one half the harm he does himself in hating me.

To playwrights, that means all of you: Never consider a play rejected until it has visited every manager in the directory. When the last one returns it, cheer up. Paper will be worth its weight in gold.

How It Was

WILLIS: I called on my best girl last night and laid my heart at her feet.

GILLIS: What happened?

WILLIS: Her old man laid his feet on my heart.

Under Water

WILLIS: Where is "Land's End?"

GILLIS: It is where that lot which I bought from the real-estate company begins.

Defined

WILLIE WILLIS: Pa, what's a "fashionable country inn?"

PAPA WILLIS: A road-house that has never been raided by the police.

Power

I don't care who writes the laws of the country if I can design its fashions.

Human Nature

"Why is your wife looking so happy?"

"She's got something to worry about again."

B. Altman & Co.

MEN'S SILK SCARFS

in Oriental motifs

copied from rare antique rugs

are an exclusive and attractive novelty just introduced in the Men's Wear Department, on the First Floor.

Artistic and beautiful are the color blendings revealed in these rich silks, designed and woven in America for B. Altman & Co. and made up especially for them.

The Scarfs are shown in the regular stock at \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Fifth Avenue-Madison Avenue

34th and 35th Streets

New York

On Christmas Morning—

Why not have the postman deliver to some good friend a beautifully engraved card announcing that through *your* thoughtfulness

Puck

will arrive every Monday morning for the next fifty-two weeks.

Five Dollars

cash, check or money order, solves the perplexing gift problem.

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, Madison Sq., New York



"Mother, how much did you get from Dad for our Christmas shopping?"
 "A hundred and fifty dollars, dear."
 "Well, you made a mistake; he's got another dollar."

There seems to be fox fur on almost everything this season except the foxes.

The man who said "Eat, drink and be married" failed to reckon on the current cost of living, which makes it impossible to be all three.

The cost of living, it appears, is having a merry little battle with women's skirts to see which can go higher.

The non-stop record is now popularly supposed to be held by Miss Ruth Law, but it is really the property of the good old cost of living.

The French have captured Hill 821, a circumstance which naturally leads one to speculate on the ownership of the other 820.

The mother of Ruth and Rodman Law, as she speculates on the achievements of her children, quite naturally would ejaculate: "My Laws!"

A golfer drove a ball 210 yards and then died of heart failure. A lot of golfers, if they must die, would like to die that way, but a good many others would want at least a 220-yard drive.

All possible resources of the warring countries are now being pressed into service, and even every war-horse has its bit.

John D. Rockefeller refuses to pay eighty cents a quart for cream. So do the rest of us, for that matter, but for different reasons.

15¢

In the cream-colored, nut-brown tin



A PIPE BLEND THAT HAS MADE "RICH-MILDNESS" POSSIBLE

By selecting and blending just enough of each kind of tobacco—not too much or too little of any one kind—Harmony Pipe Blend gives you a flavor such as no other tobacco has ever accomplished.

The Harmony flavor might be called "rich-mildness" so skilfully does richness shade into mildness. And best of all, absolutely without a trace of harshness or discord.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

HARMONY

A PIPE BLEND

To be had at clubs, hotels and most tobacconists. If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, and we will send you this full-sized one-eighth pound tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Did You Miss It?

Perhaps you were one of the unfortunates who saw the newsdealer too late for CHRISTMAS PUCK. The largest and best issue in all PUCK'S forty (40) years of funmaking will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

Faultless

Pajamas & Night Shirts

FAULTLESS NIGHTWEAR means originality in style, material, and manufacture at a price that gives maximum value to the wearer.

E. ROSENFELD & CO., Baltimore and New York

Since 1881



The sure winners



"What are you playing, little man?"
"If you're blind I'm playin' a horn, an' if you're deaf, I'm playin' Home, Sweet Home!"

The Making of a Criminal

The magician and sleight-of-hand expert was doing his best to amuse the assembled company.

"I shall now," he said, with a professional smile, "make a delicious omelet in this high silk hat."

The family man in the front row regarded the magician with a startled eye.

"Observe me closely," the professor went on. "See? I break these fresh eggs, one after the other, in the interior of the hat. Count them. Look at them. One—two—three—four. There you are! Four fine fresh eggs!"

The family man in the front row, unobserved by anybody, assumed a stealthy, crouching attitude.

"And now," continued the magician, turning away momentarily from the hat, "I shall light this little lamp and—Hello! Here! Stop! Stop him!"

The family man was speeding toward the door with the hat hugged tight in his grasp. He shook off one pursuer after another, but finally was overcome by three ushers in the vestibule, and held for the police.

"I did not mean to steal," he sobbed, covering his face with his hands, "but living is terribly expensive, and the temptation was too much for me. In a moment of weakness I fell. They should not put such temptation in a man's path when eggs are selling as high as six cents apiece."

"You should have thought of your wife and children," they told him, reprovingly.

"I did think of them," groaned the unfortunate; "I thought if I could only make a quick get-away, we might all have an omelet for breakfast, just as we used to have, before the days of Prosperity."

Sorrowfully, they saw him led across the sidewalk to the waiting patrol-wagon.

With a wish to combat the high cost of living, a genius of the West says: "Eat slowly; you don't eat so much as when you eat rapidly." The young man who finds it a financial burden to bring his beloved a two-dollar box of candy has now an economic excuse for substituting half a dozen hard and notoriously tenacious gumdrops.

In This Antiseptic Age

The stork was flying through the atmosphere with an interesting parcel.

"What have you there?" asked Father Time. "That package is done up a little differently from the usual one, is it not?"

The stork gave a snort, and all but dropped his burden.

"Differently? I should say so!" he replied, hanging the package to the top branch of a convenient tree, and mopping his brow. "I used to fetch 'em in little straw baskets but now I have to bring 'em in sealed paper packets, like oyster crackers or antiseptic toothpicks. Nobody must touch 'em but the consignee."

"I have to dip my bill in sterilizer, too," he grumbled, as he resumed his weary flight.

Hinc Illae Lachrymae

Put on rosy glasses and be happy, says Brother Op. The man who periodically rolls up his shirt sleeves to apply a needle is also happy—for the time being.

You have noticed that the chap who gurgles, "There is plenty of room at the top" seldom specifies that he means the scrap heap.

When I hear them talk of the Great White Way I am reminded of the Catacombs of St. Calixtus near Rome. They consist of long passages lined with white skulls—all of them empty.

How can men and women brought up on Midnight Reviews, Bull Rings, Movies and Cabarets think of life except as a monster kaleidoscope of ever shifting colors? The only time they come close to eternal verities is when the beautiful thing goes to smash and they see black.

Why is that young man so thin and nervous? Why are there rings under his eyes? "He is seeing life," chuckles the Devil.

Why has that young woman such a racking headache? Why does she look so worn out and faded this morning? "She had a good time," grins the Devil.

Many men begin by wearing motley and end by wearing stripes.

It is wrong to contend that the words of the average popular song are an insult to the singer's intelligence, because there is an unwarranted assumption in such a statement.

Leibnitz said that this is the best of all possible worlds. If that is so, what would Sherman have said of the others?

A prominent New York business man, who recently died, had devoted much of his time late in life to the writing of hymns. If the average business man should be asked to write a hymn, he would probably respond with the following:

"What is there in it for me, for me?
What is there in it for me, for me?
What is there in it?
Yes, what is there in it?
Oh, what is there in it for-r-r-r-r Me-e-e-e?"

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Broadway at 42d St.
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RUTH CHATTERTON

and company including **BRUCE McRAE**
COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

By A. E. THOMAS, based upon the novel by

Alice Duer Miller.

Fragrant, diverting, appealing.—*World*.

Gaiety Theatre Evenings at 8.20,
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"UNDILUTED JOY"—*WORLD*

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Comedy Success

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By Emmerich Kalman—composer of "Sari"

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30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World

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By Max Marcin

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GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE!

A New Farce by CLARE KUMMER

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BALLET 1,000 PEOPLE

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COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

CAPTAIN KIDD, Jr.

A farcical adventure by Rida Johnson Young

The Seven Arts (Continued from page 9)

themselves, if not with great distinction, at least excellently. Jack Costigan is impersonated by Lester Lonergan, and he is sufficiently alive and unctuous to make our old friend, the Captain, enjoyable. The adapter has telescoped many chapters of the novel into a brief prologue. This prologue contains the best drama of the play.

We recognize Captain Jack, his handsome daughter Emily, the Fotheringay, and handsomely played by Jane Houston, and Pen, in the romantic skin of Brandon Tynan; not forgetting Harry Folker, rather an eccentric presentation by Walker Kingsford. The immortal Blanche Amory isn't at all feebly "adumbrated" by Helen Menken, but Mrs. Pendennis and Laura Bell are as foolish and as irritating in the theatre as in the book. And Fanny Bolton — why is she lugged in? She is a mistake of Thackeray; rather her relations with Arthur Pendennis are absurd, for the author, ever prudish and fearful of stirring up the muddy hypocrisies of mid-Victorian morality, tried to make innocent the affair of Pen and Fanny. As if a dashing, full-blooded young buck like Arthur would stop at kissing, begad! A prig, a snob, and the embodiment of all the rest of the seven cardinal virtues, Pen was; but we refuse to believe he wasn't virile. And now Langdon Mitchell, who agrees with me in this, I'm sure, puts all this morality twaddle before us — the silly, weeping Mrs. Pendennis, and the high-minded young humbug, Pen, who thought it ungentlemanly to lead from the path of virtue a washer-woman's daughter (in the play, not the book). If he could omit so much, why not have omitted the idiotic Fanny, Mr. Mitchell? In matters moral, the Great Snob Thackeray was a humbug and a dodger. Mary Worth was excellent as Fanny. And Alison Skipworth carried off, after the prologue, the feminine honors. Some years ago Miss Skipworth was a very pretty English girl with genuine auburn hair ("lots of it and mine own," she could have said) and with a sun-kissed face, as the poets say, fascinating tiny freckles, a profile and a figure, and a melodious voice. There is, like the case of Lady Jane in "Patience," more of her now; but she has the same joyous humor, and she is still a "fine figure of a woman"; that is, she can be seen. As a sort of a Mrs. Malaprop, Miss Skipworth as the vulgar, good-hearted Lady Clavering is one of the few well cast performers in the play. All the rest is John Drew.

Great Catharine

At that comfortable little theatre, on Grand Street, The Neighborhood Playhouse, I saw Bernard Shaw's comical trifle, "Great Catharine." I had seen it in London exactly three years ago, at the Vaudeville Theatre, the Strand, London, and with Gertrude Kingston, an admirable actress and handsome woman, in the title rôle. This "thumb-nail sketch of Russian court life in the 18th century" is rather "low-brow" for Mr. Shaw, and its heavy fooling is of the approved Cockney order. There is wit, though far from subtle: there is a humorous misrepres-

entation of the great Queen, who is depicted as more Teutonic than she was; and she was very Teutonic. But you are in a bad way if you can't laugh at the "Great Catharine." The London critics abused the author, accusing him of levity; as if Shaw jesting is not more appetizing than Shaw the serious sermonizer. Such a theatrical stroke as tickling a man to torture him — a mighty Empress plants her toes in the ribs of a presumptuous young Englishman — is sure to arouse spontaneous laughter. It is not, I admit, a dignified device. Ibsen must have shuddered in Hades — where he presumably resides, in company with other gifted souls — when he heard of such frivolity on the part of his Celtic disciple. Yet I've seen more lack of dignity before in certain theatrical situations, but I've seldom seen and heard an audience indulge in such hysterical laughter as I did at both the London and New York performances. Of course, you will say that stage laughter is contagious, (the hero screams with laughter, for he is humanly ticklish) and so it is. In the same bill at the Neighborhood were "The Queen's Enemies" by Lord Dunsany, and "The Inca of Peru," the latter by an anonymous author. The Neighborhood Playhouse is well worth visiting.

Pessimism is a philosophic creed promulgated by a blind man for those who will not see.

An existence without knocks and bumps is as interesting as a landscape without hills and valleys.

Take notice, Brother Pess: Wouldn't it be queer if the ostrich, after burying his head in the sand, complained that this was a world without sunshine?

The fellow with a grouch is only a grown-up child sulking because a beneficent father finds it necessary to administer a licking now and then.

Like the premature story of Mark Twain's death, most of our troubles are greatly exaggerated.

My competitor is getting rich; I am not. He will probably overeat, drink more than is good for him and become fat — while I remain poor, healthy and becomingly slim.



"Yes, they're utter strangers, but I don't mind."



On Lake Keuka, New York, in the heart of the finest grape country in America, are the famous cellars of

Gold Seal CHAMPAGNE

A rich, pure and brilliant wine that asks your favor because of its quality. You cannot get a better champagne at any price.

SPECIAL DRY and BRUT
Insist on Having It

GOLD SEAL RED—the best Sparkling Burgundy on the Market
Sold Everywhere

A Ripe Old Age



The quality of Old Overholt Rye has been unchangingly maintained for over a century. It is ripe in age—and exceedingly rich in flavor.

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 106 Years"

is sparkling pure, temptingly delicious, uniformly wholesome and strengthening. It is a full-bodied, straight Pennsylvania Rye, aged in charred oak barrels and bottled in bond. There's only one Old Overholt—none "just as good."

A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

College Men

Wanted to represent PUCK on a liberal commission plan. Easy, pleasant way of making money in college. We want a hustler in every college and preparatory school in the country, and the first available applicant from each institution will be given the exclusive representation. Write Puck, Madison Square, New York.

The Consumer Family (Continued from page 11)

me, and my lunches have gone up thirty-five per cent in price and down ten per cent in quality, and that coal is up two dollars a ton, and that I read collars were going to be fifteen cents each instead of two for a quarter—in spite of all those things, I was coming home bursting with joy over my news. And then you started in with the glad tidings of the cost of Thanksgiving, and the threatened rise in rent, and the high price of meat, and Agnes informs me her note books cost more, and Charles reminds me of Christmas, and Henry, well Henry hasn't contributed so far—

"I was going to, pop," the eldest son replied, "The business college has raised its tuition two dollars a month."

His father folded up his napkin and rose from the table. All the amiability was gone from his face.

"Aren't you going to have any dessert?" asked his wife.

"No!" growled the Ultimate Consumer. "I don't want any, because I know I'd be told that it had gone up forty per cent on account of the war and you've lost me enough money this meal. The news I started to tell you was that I'd had a salary raise from \$35 to \$37.50 a week, but you and the children have spent it all since I sat down to eat, and I'm five dollars a month behind already. At that rate, I'd lose money every time my salary was raised. So I'm going to take a trolley car—if the fare hasn't been raised—and ride down to Joe's Place and enjoy the satisfaction of getting one thing that's the same price it was last month, a glass of beer."

And the Ultimate Consumer stalked into the hallway, and a moment later the door slammed behind him.

Brother Pess is so preoccupied holding his umbrella that he keeps on doing it long after the rain is over.

If people were able to judge more accurately the proper ratio between their merits and the world's great prizes there would be less dissatisfaction.

There would be fewer knockers, if the village blacksmiths didn't think they looked so *clever* doing it.

To my friend, Brother Pess: There are many cures for indigestion on the market. Don't take that furred tongue feeling out on me.

The world respects him because he has a wise way of saying, "Thumbs down."

When I feel that I've been used pretty hard, I call to mind Job and his man's size patience.

Until the undertaker actually counts ten, never imagine that you've been knocked out.

THE HARDMAN FIVE-FOOT GRAND

Infinitely more
beautiful than
an upright, yet
occupying no more
space. And Caruso
says, "its TONE is
wonderful!"

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Easy terms if desired.



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FLORIDA BY SEA 12-Day Tour \$63.40

Leaving New York Saturday of any week, at 1 P. M., via Mallory Line, you have a restful and invigorating sea-voyage down the coast, passing the gem-like Florida Keys and arrive on the fourth day at Key West, the "American Gibraltar"—entrance to the "American Mediterranean"—with its great Naval and Military Stations, sponge fisheries and famous cigar factories. Interesting side-trips can be made to Havana, Cuba, or, via "Over-Sea Railway" to Miami, Palm Beach, etc.

Continuing on same steamer, another day's voyage brings you to Tampa—gateway to the famous resorts of the West Coast; St. Petersburg, "The Sunshine City," Belleair, or Pass-a-Grille—noted for year 'round surf bathing, fishing, etc.

From Tampa by a short rail ride to Sanford; you then embark on that wonderful "Daylight and Searchlight" trip on the St. John's River—"The American Nile"—through a wealth of tropical scenery, with glimpses of alligators, birds of beautiful plumage, and picturesque native settlements, until you reach Jacksonville—where again you can plan side-trips to gay Atlantic Beach or quaint old St. Augustine.

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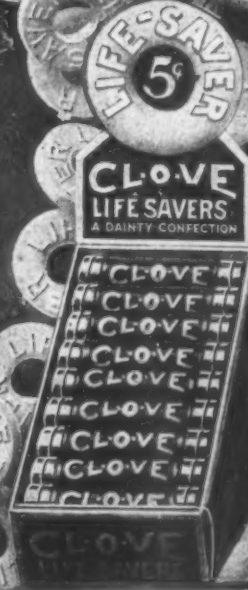
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on everybody's
tongue.*

*The eye remembers
the hole—the
tongue the
taste.*



Plays and Players

(Continued from page 13)

Island. I always feel that I am "bumping the bumps." In "Getting Married" he hurries you up one incline, and down another, until your teeth rattle in your head. He speaks of marriage, in ancient Rome, the marriage of the future, polygamous marriage, polyandrous marriage, high society marriage, low society marriage, and marriage contracts. Also of rational marriage, and irrational marriage, but which he thought which, one never knew.

Critics who saw "Getting Married" after "The Century Girl" never had a better opportunity in their lives to write feelingly and touchingly on the subject of the anticlimax.

"Getting Wearied" would have been a singularly relevant name for the piece that took eight years journeying from London to New York. But good actors were embedded in the fabric — there was William Faversham and there was Henrietta Crossman — and these were the sugar coating to the pill.

In this play, Shaw wants you to understand that he drops the curtain occasionally merely for your convenience. Not for his! Assuredly, you do understand that, for when the curtain rises again, the talk is resumed exactly where it left off. The interval during which you perhaps smoked a cigarette, was nothing more than a semicolon in Mr. Shaw's verbiage.

Miss May Vokes will go into history as a farce-saver. The farce writer when in doubt — which is very frequently — writes a "slavery" role and engages Miss Vokes to play it. He is then as sure of laughs as George M. Cohan is certain of applause when he waves the star-spangled banner. It was May Vokes who was the "light and joy" of Miss Clare Kummer's play "Good Gracious Annabelle!" Poor Annabelle will eventually be forgotten, but May Vokes — never! All Miss Kummer's bright lines — and they were many — were obscured by the gorgeously ridiculous antics of Miss Vokes. I should think that "brilliant" playwrights would be fearfully jealous of an actress who gets laughs with or without — and generally without their aid.



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MAID: "Who may I say called?"

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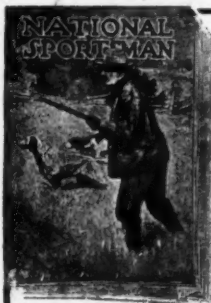
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